

GOLD
KEY

THE FLINTSTONES

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

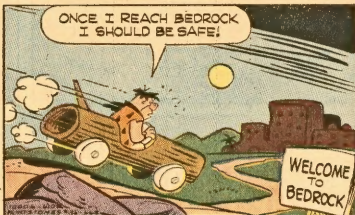
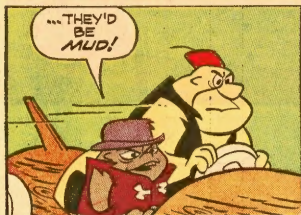
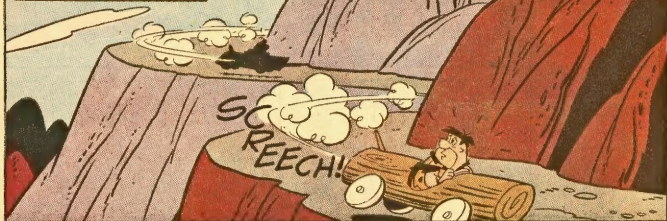
Fred is mistaken for a famous international spy in
THE MAN CALLED FLINTSTONE



Hanna-Barbera
THE FLINTSTONES

THE MAN CALLED FLINTSTONE

HIGH IN THE HILLS
ABOVE BEDROCK,
A FRANTIC CHASE
IS TAKING PLACE...

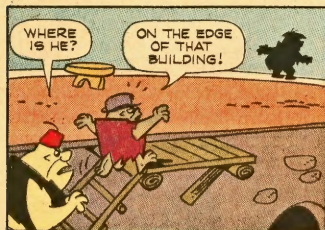
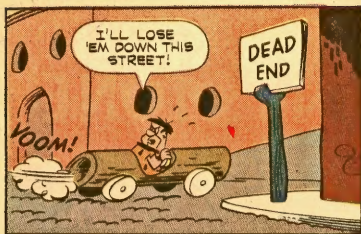


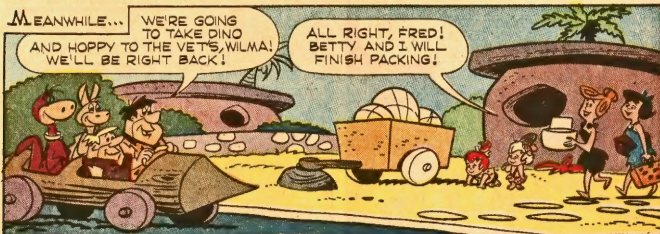
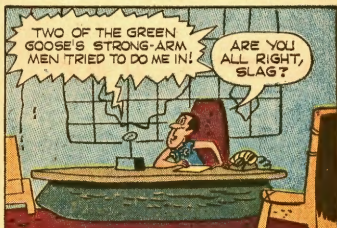
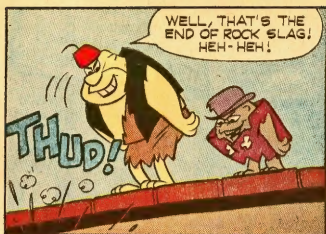
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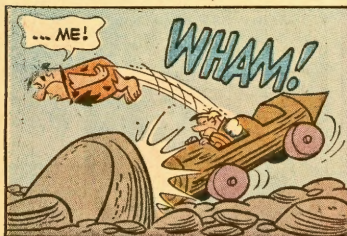
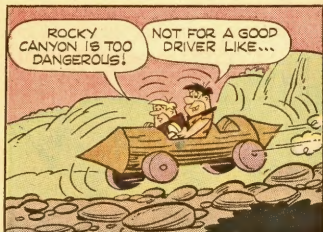
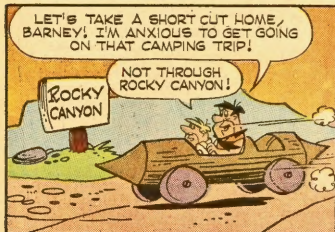
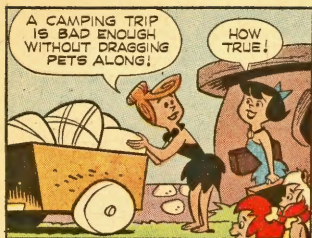
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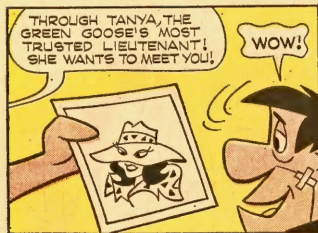
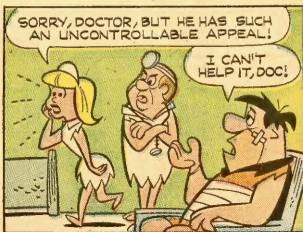
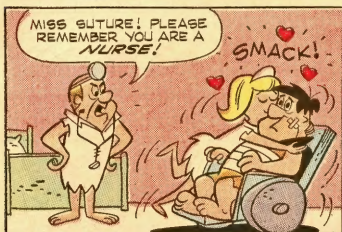
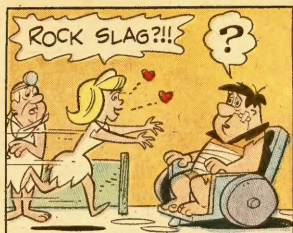
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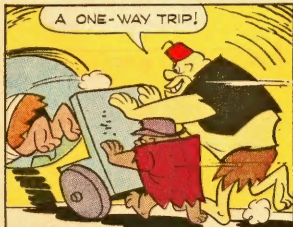
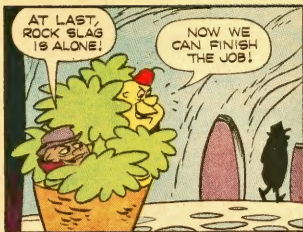




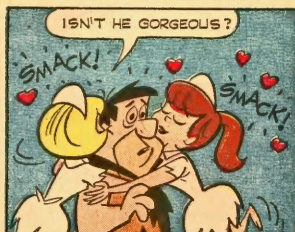
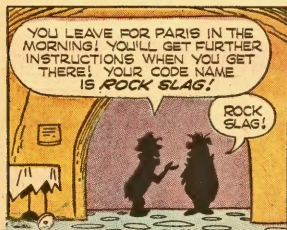


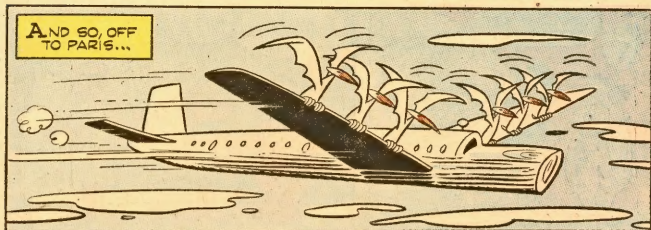
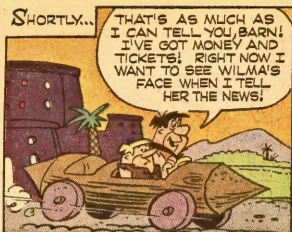
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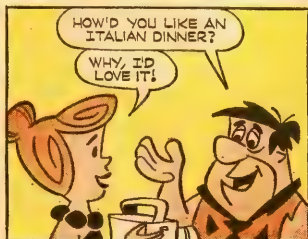
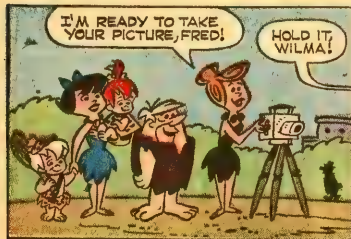
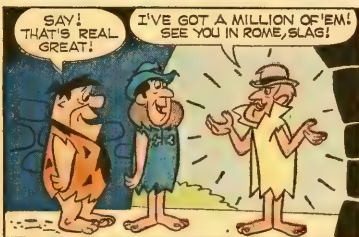
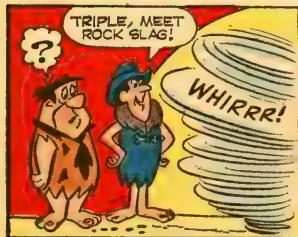
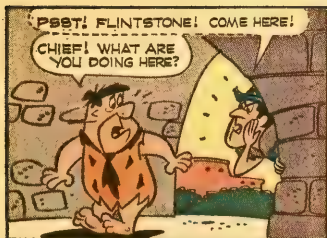


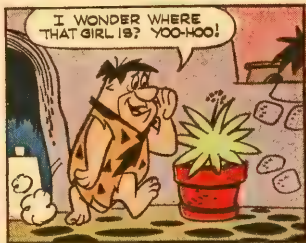
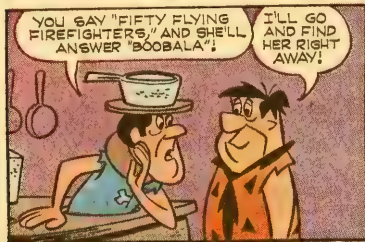
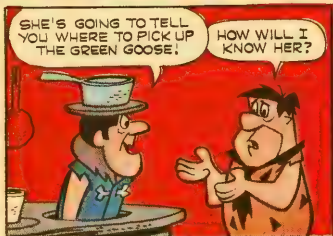
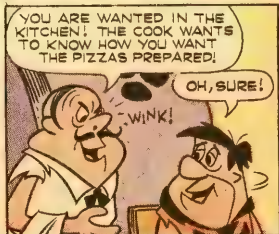
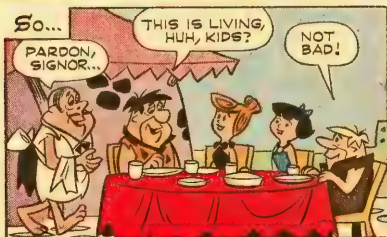
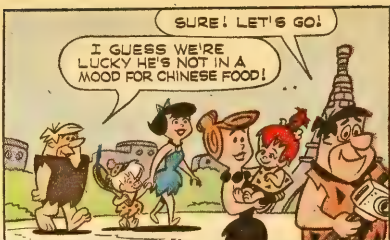


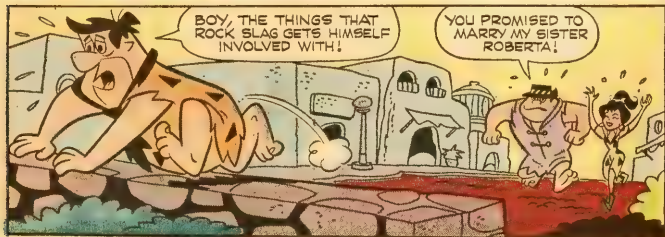
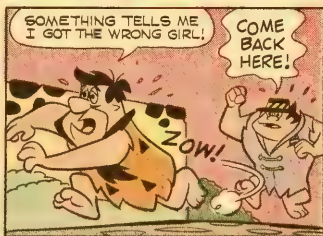
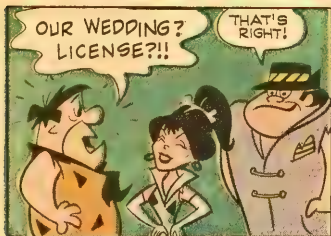
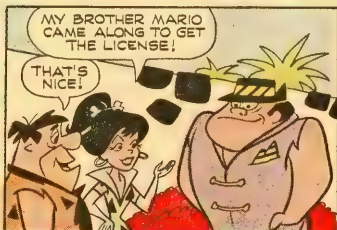
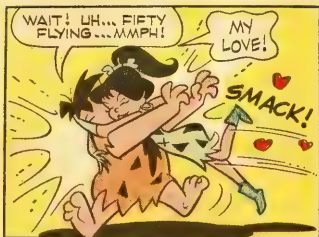
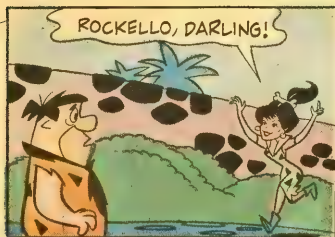




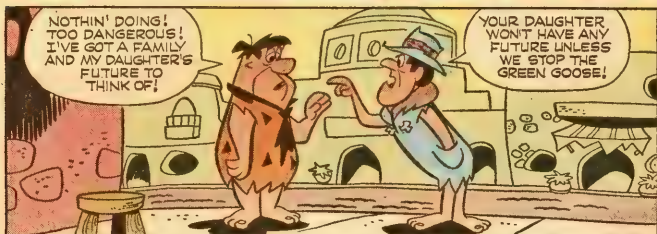
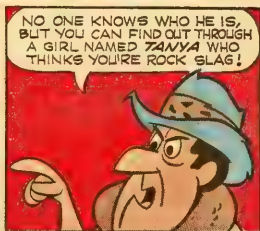
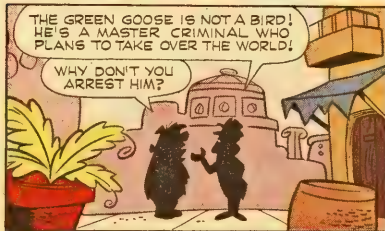
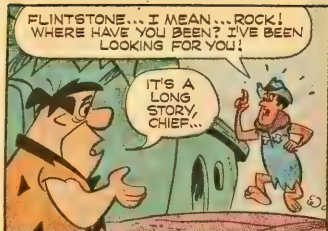
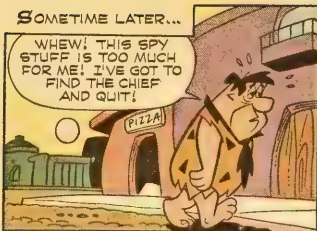


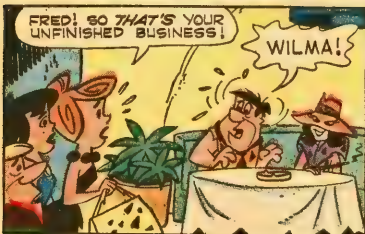
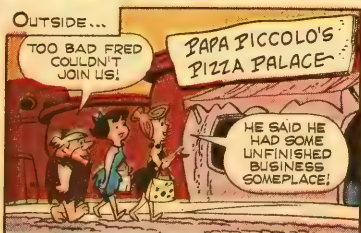
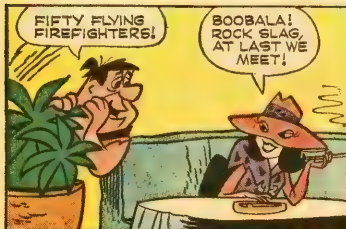
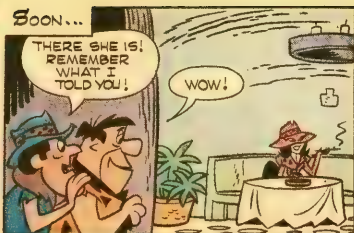


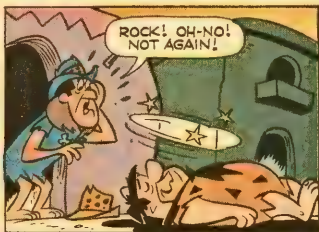
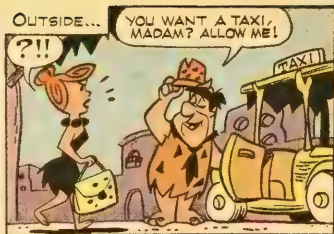
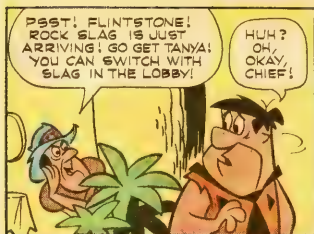




SOMETIME LATER...





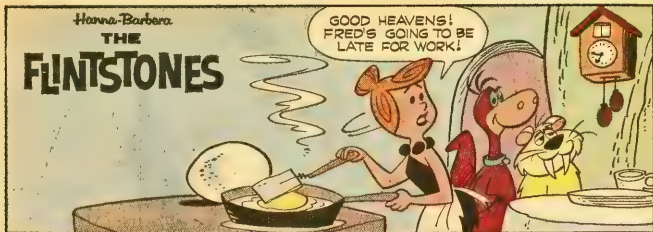


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THE

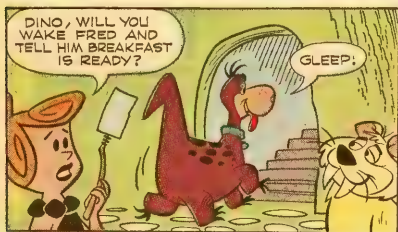
FLINTSTONES

GOOD HEAVENS!
FRED'S GOING TO BE
LATE FOR WORK!

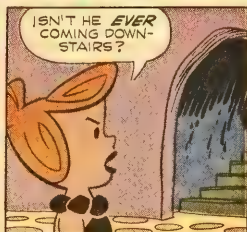


DINO, WILL YOU
WAKE FRED AND
TELL HIM BREAKFAST
IS READY?

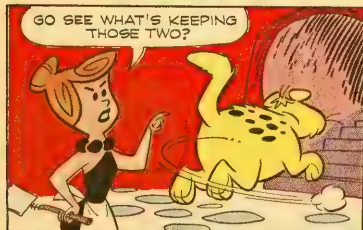
GLEEP!



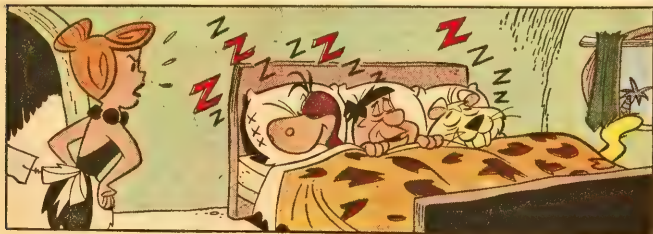
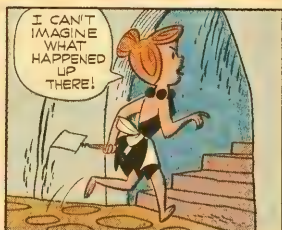
ISN'T HE *EVER*
COMING DOWN-
STAIRS?



GO SEE WHAT'S KEEPING
THOSE TWO?



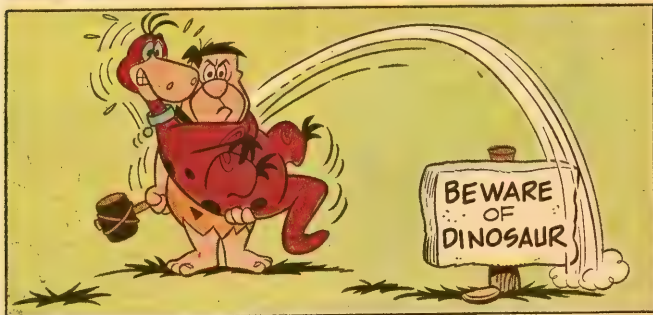
I CAN'T
IMAGINE
WHAT
HAPPENED
UP
THERE!

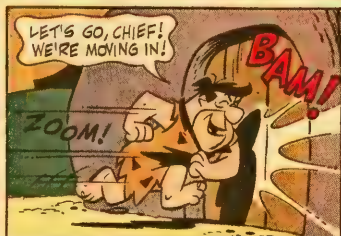
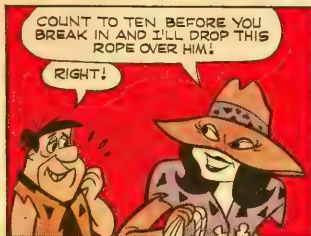
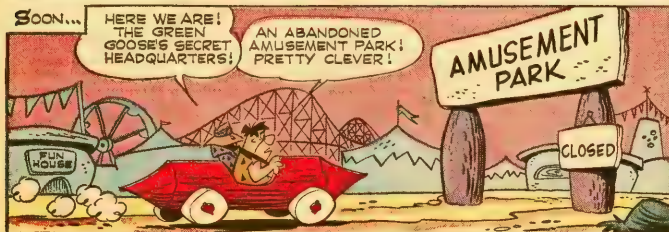
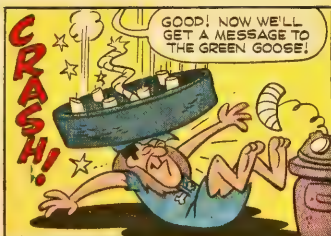
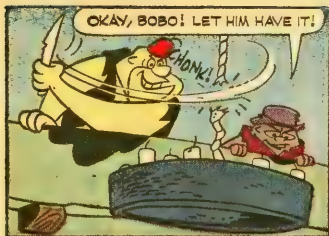


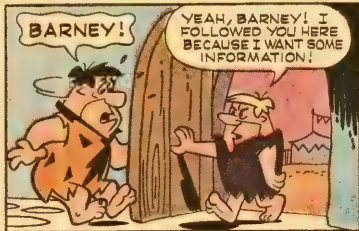
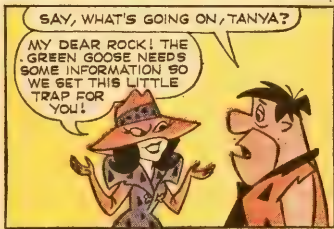
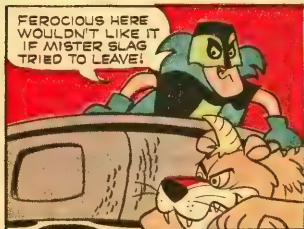
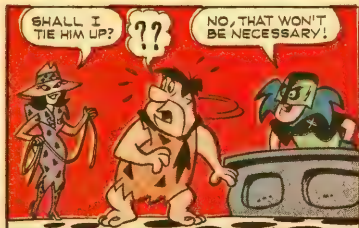
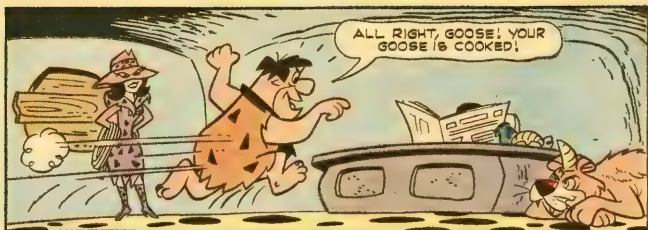
Hanna-Barbera
**THE
FLINTSTONES**

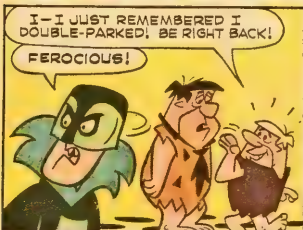
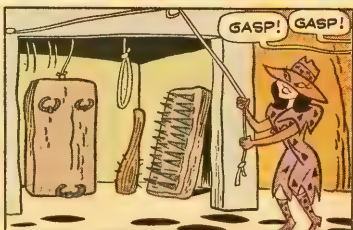
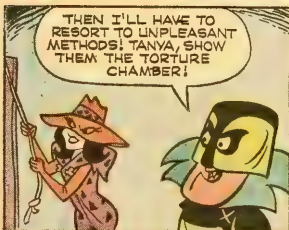
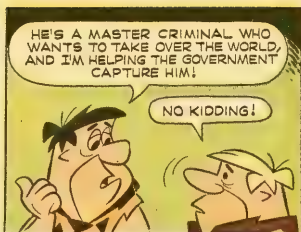
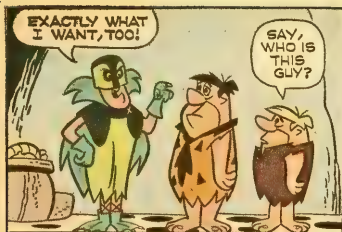
FRED!
THAT'S
SILLY!

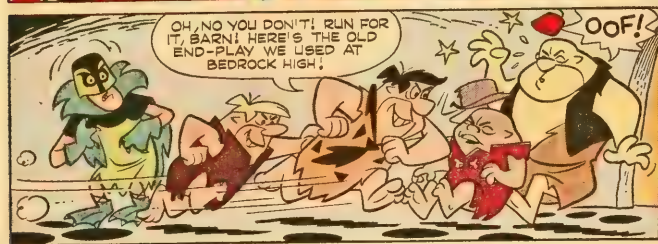
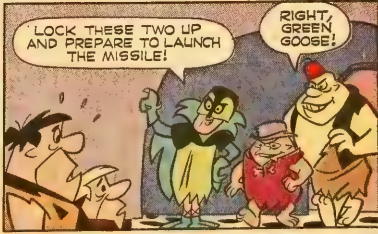
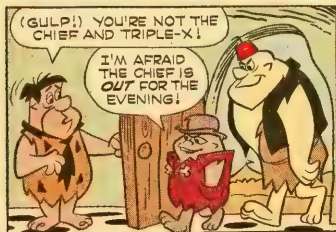
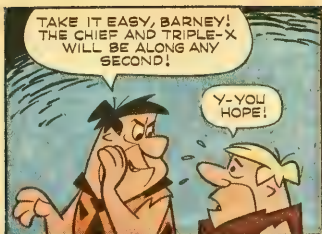
WELL, MAYBE IT'LL
KEEP OUT SOME OF
THOSE PEDDLERS!

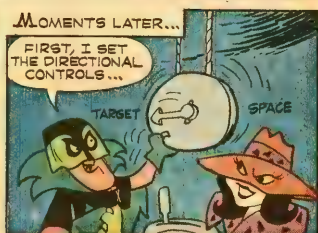
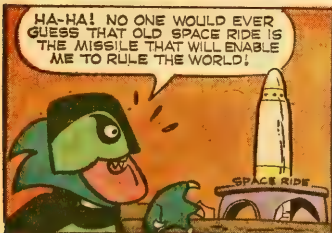
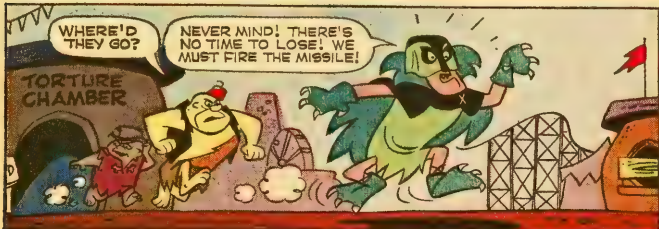
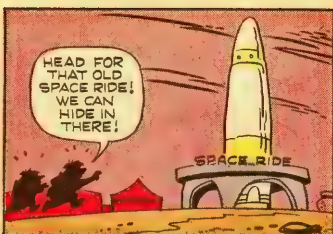


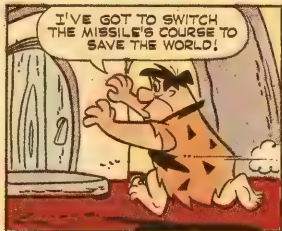
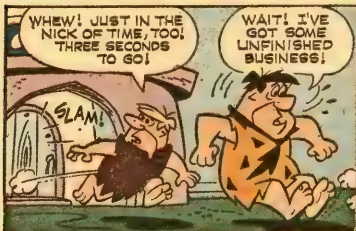
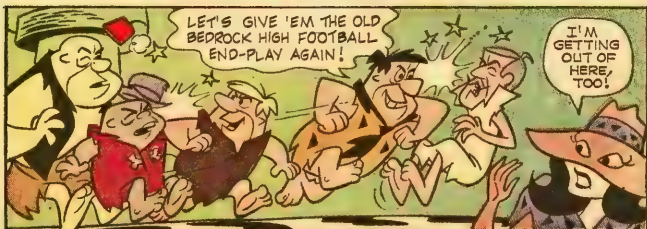
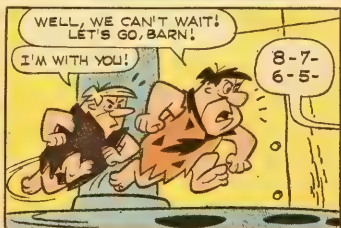
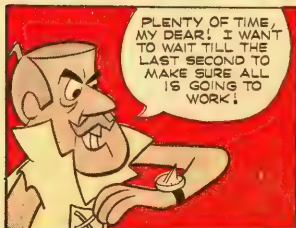
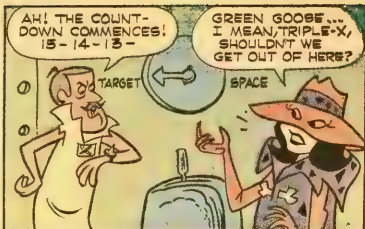
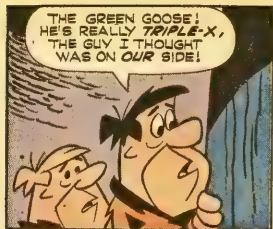


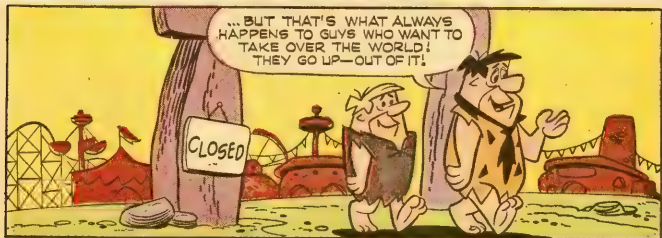
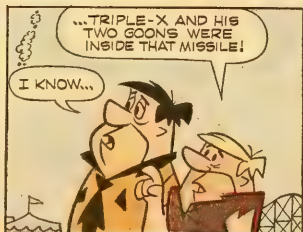
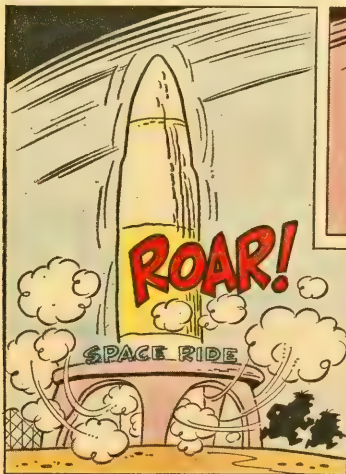
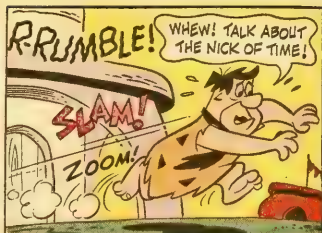
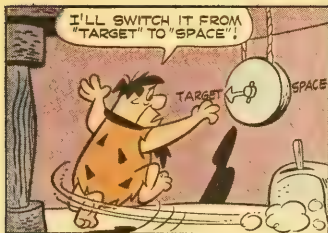












LATER...

WELCOME HOME, FRED FLINTSTONE

OUR
HERO!

HUZZAH! YEA, FRED!

BRAVO!

WITH GREAT PRIDE,
WE THE CITIZENS OF
BEDROCK PRESENT
YOU WITH THIS MEDAL!

GEE,
THANKS,
MISTER
MAYOR!

AND NOW A
WORD FROM
OUR HERO!

AW, FORGET
THE HERO
STUFF!

MY PAL BARNEY
DESERVES AS MUCH
CREDIT AS I DO!

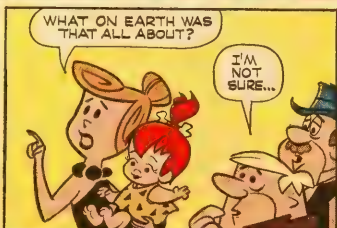
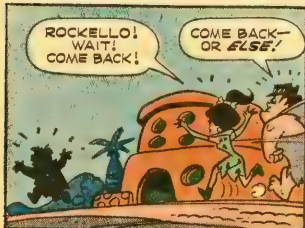
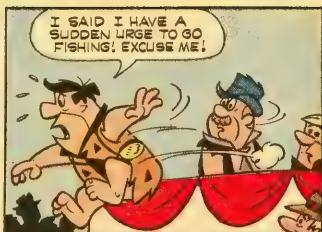
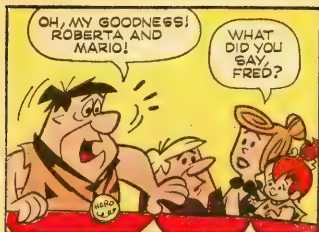
SURE! I
DESERVE
AS MUCH
CREDIT AS
FRED!
HEH-HEH!

NOW, WAIT A
MINUTE, BARN!
I WAS THE ONE
WHO...

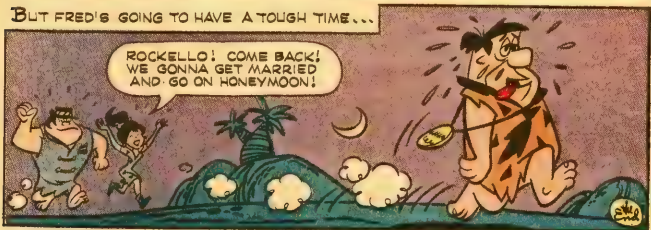
ROCKELLO!

ROCKELLO,
MY LOVE!!

PAISANO!



BUT FRED'S GOING TO HAVE A TOUGH TIME...



GIRL FRIDAY



"I know what my office lacks," said Perry Gunnite, as he looked about the place. "I should have thought of it long ago. Every good private eye should have a Girl Friday around to help him answer the phone, make coffee and do office chores, and I am going to hire one right away!"

That night Perry ran an ad in the paper, and the next morning he waited anxiously in his office for the applicants to show up.

Perry didn't have long to be anxious, for just as he put his feet up on his desk, the door burst open. A large determined-looking woman strolled in.

"I understand you're looking for a girl to help around the office," she said in a voice that could crack granite boulders at fifty feet.

"Why, yes, I . . . uh," Perry stammered.

"Look no further, son!" the woman said.

"You advertised for a Girl Friday? Well, I am it! Matter of fact, my name is Friddy Friday . . . Mrs. Friday to you, sonny!"

She looked hard at Perry and then said, "Aren't you the little Perry Gunnite who used to be in my first grade class at Old Bedrock Grammar School?"

Perry nodded.

"Well, you haven't changed one bit," she snorted. "Still putting your feet on the desk, I see. Get them off!"

Perry got them off.

"And this office is a mess," Mrs. Friday

continued. "You certainly do need a woman's touch around here! First thing you do is grab a broom and start giving this place a good sweeping out! Then mop the floor!"

Perry grabbed a broom and began sweeping the floor. Just then the phone rang.

"I'll get it," Mrs. Friday said, "that's part of my job. You keep sweeping!"

Perry listened as she said, "Mr. Gunnite is busy! Who is this?"

Before Perry could think clearly, Mrs. Friday was slamming the receiver back on the phone.

"Who was that?" Perry asked timidly.

"Oh, nobody!" answered Mrs. Friday.

"Well it was somebody — that Gloria LaFluff — the movie star. She lost a diamond ring and wanted you to look for it. Such jobs are beneath you! Now get on with your work!"

By the time five o'clock arrived, the office was spotless. Perry had cleaned all the windows and had polished the furniture; he had even washed the walls.

"That's more like it," said Mrs. Friday, as she locked the office door. "We'll see that you do this every day!"

On the way home, Perry decided that Mrs. Friday had to go, but he didn't know how to get rid of such a determined woman.

Suddenly, he remembered something from the first grade. The only thing that had fazed Mrs. Friday in those days had been a mouseosaurus, a small mouse-like reptile.

That night, as tired as he was, Perry bought a trap and some cheese, and soon he was busy trapping mouseosauruses.

The next morning when Mrs. Friday got to work she saw Perry kneeling in a corner.

"What are you doing?" she demanded.

"Why aren't you sweeping the floor?"

"Oh, I have to feed the mouseosauruses,"

he said. "We forgot to do it yesterday."

Mrs. Friday blanched. "Th-the whats?"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you that I keep a few hundred mouseosauruses under my office floor for pets. And part of the duties of my Girl Friday is to feed them each day."

"Not THIS Girl Friday!" exclaimed Mrs. Friday, as she stomped out. "I quit!"

"Well," sighed Perry, "I got rid of Mrs. Friday. Now all I have to do is get rid of 250 mouseosauruses! Wonder if I can sell them for pets . . . Hmmm, that's an idea!"

Hanna-Barbera
CAVE KIDS

THE HYPNO-SAURUS

